PREFACE.

I.

ONE should only speak where one cannot remain silent, and only speak of what one has *conquered*—the rest is all chatter, "literature," bad breeding. My writings speak only of my conquests, "I" am in them, with all that is hostile to me, *ego ipsissimus,* or, if a more haughty expression be permitted, *ego ipsissimum.* It may be guessed that I have many below me. … . But first I always needed time, convalescence, distance, separation, before I felt the stirrings of a desire to flay, despoil, lay bare, " represent" (or whatever one likes to call it) for the additional knowledge of the world, something that I had lived through and outlived, something done or suffered.

Hence all my writings,—with one exception, important, it is true,—must be *ante-dated*—they always tell of a " behind-me." Some even, like the first three *Thoughts out of Season,* must be thrown back before the period of creation and experience of a previously published book *(The Birth of Tragedy* in the case cited, as any one with subtle powers of observation and comparison could not fail to perceive). That wrathful outburst against the Germanism, smugness, and raggedness of speech of old David Strauss, the